

Los Angeles Naughtier Than San Francisco Shimmies And Hula Hulas Into Dry Existence

LOS ANGELES, Calif., July 5.—San Francisco has been advertised from one coast to the other for its naughtiness, but San Francisco's naughtiness is tame, sordid, almost pitiful.

Out in a little region known as Vernon, just outside the city limits of Los Angeles, is the real naughty spot of the Pacific coast, or was until Congress put a stop to the sale of liquor. Vernon boasts the biggest saloon in the world, or did until July 1, A. D. 1919. And it may be said that the claim is a little exaggerated. El Paso could lay to the biggest saloon in the world at the five mile bridge, must also be waived, for Vernon has a smaller saloon than its neighbor. Vernon is in the midst of the Los Angeles packing house section and the order is greater than that of our famous five mile bridge over was.

Vernon's big saloon is, or was, a great frame shack covering about a quarter of a block, with a cigar counter, seldom patronized, across the front, a bar down each side and a lunch counter across the back. Here, for 24 hours a day, bartenders, working in three shifts a day, were constantly on duty filling the orders of the thirty Angelenos and the tourists who came to see and wet their whistles just because they could. Cab drivers were busy all last week and the first day and night of the present week hauling people to and from this place, for the great drought was coming and it was the "last chance."

No Time to Spare. People bought it in drinks and in bottles—all sizes. They came with empty suit cases and went away with them filled. They could buy whole hams at some of the beach resorts, but nowhere in Los Angeles could they get a thing to drink except with meals and then only wine and beer until 3 o'clock. After that, they had to get on the best way they could unless they visited Vernon. Vernon never closed and a Vernon bartender never had a chance to rest on duty. It was mix, pour and wrap every minute of his eight hours on duty.

Two big policemen in full uniform stalked about the place, only to interfere if two or more patrons happened to become unbecomingly and thus threaten the business of the place by interfering with the peace of mind and personal safety of the hundreds of patrons. Everything seemed usually orderly for a saloon of such size, however. They say the profits were a thousand dollars a day every day the place operated and that the man who has been conducting it is going to move his stock of liquor across the line from San Diego and open them for sale at the J. J. Jans.

The Real Naughty Place. However, the big Vernon saloon is not the place where the naughtiness was to be seen. You drove a little further on to a place that dignified itself with the name of country club, where you paid a man 15 cents for the privilege of parking your car and paid a blond girl in a ticket window 50 cents for admission and 15 cents more to forward to a benevolent government for war-tax. You were admitted to the interior of an immense auditorium, brilliant with its lights and thrills, where you saw hundreds and hundreds of men and women—some of them boys and girls—seated about the hundreds of tables, that formed a square about a hardwood dance floor in the center.

Floorwalkers in immaculate evening attire, waiters as well dressed, responded to the orders for drinks as men and women slipped or culped their whines, cordials or whiskey, and grew talkative and reckless.

"Doing the Shimmy." First the jazz orchestra would play a lively fox trot, one step or waltz, for just appeared to please the crowd best, because it gave opportunity for more of that "close up" dancing, popularly referred to here on the coast as the shimmy. Then would follow some popular song, when six principals, three men and three girls, with about 10 chorus girls tagging after them, could cavort out and render "How Are You Going to Get to the Top of Parnassus?"

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REAL ARIZONA INDUSTRIAL PIONEERS. MORENCI "OLD TIMERS"



WM. WALLACE

Wm. Wallace, who was with the first mining crew that put a pick into the ground at the Phelps Dodge properties in Morenci. Mr. Wallace started work in 1879, working continuously until 1911 when he went to Phoenix, wishing to be with the first crew there. He is still in the employ of the company after 40 years.



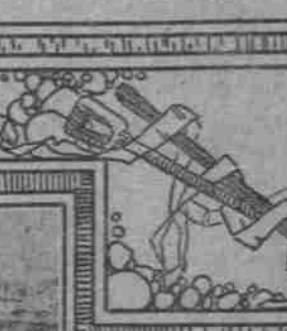
MARIANNA CALLES

Marianna Calles, the oldest woman still in the employ of the Phelps Dodge at Morenci. He started in 1880 and has spent almost a life-time underground; he is still in active service.



REFUGIO VASQUEZ

Refugio Vasquez, who first saw Morenci in 1883, and deciding it was a good place to stay, is there yet working every day. Refugio looks as though he had many more years of service yet to come.



WASHINGTON MCLEAN SR

Washington McLean, Sr., who remembers the days when the ore was sent to the smelter on the Frisco River in wagons and the water brought back. In 1883 "Wash," as he is called, started in, and has been 21 years on a "dinky."



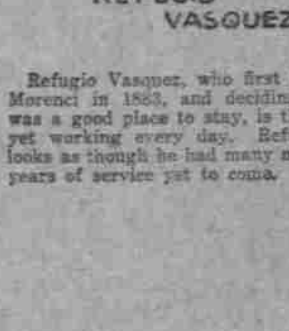
DINKY

Morenci might well be called a camp of "old-timers" for at the property of the Phelps Dodge Corporation there are 88 men who have been in continuous service over 20 years, and 17 over 30 years. These are the old men who are actively employed today, and do not include those retired on a pension. The activity of these men do not bear out the statement that men do not live as long in mining as in other industries.



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